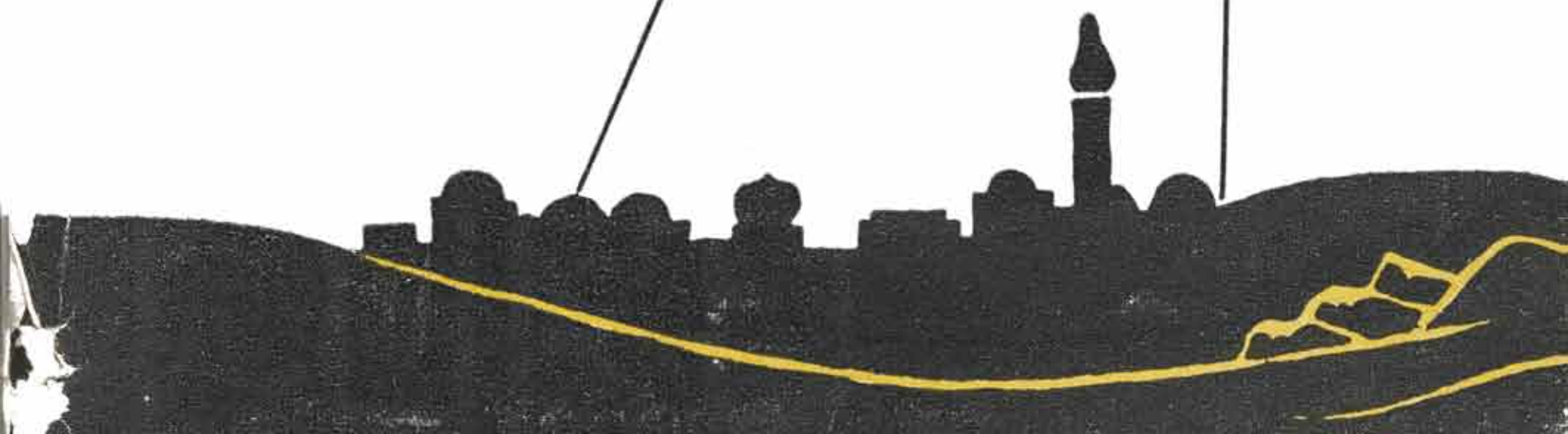


CORD

WATERLOO COLLEGE
DECEMBER 1954



”CORD-IALLY”

YOURS



DOON TWINES LTD.

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CORD

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December, 1954

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THANKS

The Editor wishes to thank Terry Haller for his valuable assistance and advice, in preparing this issue with its "New Look". Thanks to Brian Knight for the generous use of his car in seeing materials to the press.

APOLOGY TO D. ARMSTRONG

Joan White and the Editor, wish to express regret for having been forced to print "Lines On The Be-

ginning" in such a cramped setting. It was unavoidable and we really are sorry.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Joan White on her election as campus queen. She looked lovely for her crowning.

CHANGES IN CORD

Several changes have been made in this issue of the Cord, such as type, size of magazine; index and a few other minor details. We hope it appeals to you.

MATERIAL

Material for the February issue of Cord has already been partially arranged for. Anyone having material for publication and who has not been approached, please bring it to the student office by mid January.

COVER

The cover this month was designed by Jim Heldman, who has consented to become Assistant Artist for Cord. Due to the heavy schedule of November, John Mergler was unable to meet a deadline for this issue.

NEW STAFF

Persons interested in filling positions on Cord staff next year are requested to make bids now to the Editor, or to the people holding the positions desired, either in writing or personal interview.

Editorial

THERE'S already so much discord within the world, the College, and especially within ourselves, that I'd like very much to help in a small way, to dispel even partially those feelings that are not compatible with the Spirit of Christmas.

Christmas to me means an early morning candlelight service, joyful voices raised, praising God in thanks for the gift of His Son Jesus. It means having the friends we hold most dear, and the family we love, sharing the joy of this special day with us, and the bestowal of gifts of sheer love upon those we love and live for. It's the time to set aside the petty dislikes and grudges, and listen to God, as He beseeches us to love one another, even as He has loved us.

It's the time of year that I despise my selfishness for having been weak enough to harbour grudges and ill will. It is now that I give myself over to thinking of the merits of the love of Christ, freely bestowed upon us, who so grudgingly share our love with others.

This love of yours and mine does not have to be of a material form. A little understanding at the proper time, to those who could use it, can mean ever so much, and costs so little. And yet too often we are so miserly with our God-given talents, that one of us goes hungry, because someone has been too busy, or too full of themselves, to give away a smile that could have transformed a heavy day into a sunny adventure.

Christmas, above all other seasons,

should be a time when we really put ourselves out to make someone else happy. Certainly it isn't possible to give of yourself to everyone who needs a share of your joy; but it can be done in many instances, and the giving will increase your pleasure more than you think. The sad part is, that this spirit of good will is usually saved for a special season, instead of being something we take pleasure in throughout the year.

Too often we zip through the weeks and years thinking only of ourselves. With this Christmas so close, it's a wonderful chance for all of us to be sure that this one will be something to remember. We can begin by simply radiating goodwill. There is, after all, so much good, beauty and love in all of us, that with a minimum of effort we can easily brighten the lives of the heavy-hearted by giving of ourselves, and sharing our pleasure one with another.

When you sit surrounded by the people you love on special days, and that luxurious warmth of feeling and supreme peace and joy fairly bubbles inside you, and you feel that your cup will surely run over, do you wonder if others feel as glorious as you do, on like occasions? I do. It sobers me, too, and I wonder if maybe I could have smiled at that poor woman, yesterday, or perhaps have chatted with that unhappy druggist who looked so disillusioned, or just said "Hi" in a little jollier note. It's amazing what a smile can do at times. I've seen the day I'd give my right

arm for somebody — anybody — to give me a minute out of their busy life, or even a few seconds for a smile; and have gone home feeling crushed and defeated, deprived of those precious treasures that might have lifted the gloom.

I don't know, maybe I'm just nuts. But these little things mean more to me than a dozen costly gifts could ever mean. For that reason, I suppose, I want to spread a little happiness. You have probably experienced similar feelings, or maybe not. Perhaps you've hardened your hearts as I had been tempted to harden mine. If you have, I beg you to reconsider and cash in on this easy way to enrich your soul's joy.

It is not that I want you to go out of your way to make yourself miserable trying to make someone else happy; but, for instance, when you do your Christmas shopping, and see the harassed salesgirls on the verge of tearing their hair out, try to be as pleasant with them as you would like them to be with you. When you buy those slippers for Mom or Dad, remember that the clerk has had a hundred people before you who have seen at least a thousand pairs of shoes each — or so it seems to him.

The salesgirl is unhappy; the shoe clerk is exhausted. Both of them could really use a smile and a tiny bit of consideration. Be big about it, and give them the smile that can mean so much. Because their smiles have become forced and artificial, don't let yours be the same. It'll do you both a world of good. — No —

I do not sell shoes — Here then is an excellent spot to begin making Christmas for others what you want it to be for you.

Preparing for Christmas, decorating the house, skilfully placing strands of foil on the tree, professionally selecting and placing each ornament, getting the scent of Christmas cake baking in the oven, and listening to carols softly bringing peace to the soul, makes for real living. Each day brings with it a little more of the excitement of the Christmas season. We are apt to forget those others who would give anything to feel as we do, and could have if we had been less self-centred and a trifle more generous.

If you are willing to try this experiment, you'll find that Christmas will have a much deeper meaning for you. You will be able to attend the early service in your church, really thankful to God for having given you the gift of love and understanding, and the privilege of sharing it with someone else.

You will begin then to understand the meaning of words like — peace on earth, goodwill toward men; and your efforts will be rewarded with a crown of joy.

The birth of the Saviour in that lowly manger in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago will begin to have new meaning for you, or perhaps an old meaning renewed. The love of God made manifest in Christ, will make your soul rejoice and your heart sing.

End

The Silver Christmas

DALE BERGY

LITTLE Joe was one of those small children for his age, not more than seven, with large, sad dark eyes. His little shoulders drooped as if he carried a burden too heavy for them. His heart beat rapidly but not with joy. The heavy thumping within him was caused by fear and exhaustion.

The mob of boys was after him! Their cry was wild in his ears! Over half the town they had chased him, all the way from school, over lawns knee-deep with snow, through alleys and stores crowded with Christmas shoppers. But not one out of all the throng knew the fear in his heart. The angry crowd of boys and the milling shoppers were in one world, and he was in another.

In a way he was glad they were chasing him, for it would bring him home sooner; not that home was a haven of love, but the silver Christmas bulb was there, and he wanted above all else to see it and feel it again. He longed to feel the star on the face of the bulb and to hang it high on the tree. For a moment his heart beat more in the vision of his delight than in fear and exhaustion.

The memory of his treasure brought calm. Surely, after the Christmas holidays, the gang would have forgotten their spite. Besides, it was not he that had told on the gang. A flood of bitterness swept over him. He could still see the face of that miserable Jimmy Rawley. It was he that had tattled.

Little Joe was racing through the park now. He would soon be home.

The voices behind him were getting louder. The mob was closing in on him.

"Keep to the right there, you guys," thundered Big Bully Sam. "He'll slip away on us! Watch him now!"

But Little Joe had seen his opening. Sam's warning had come too late for Rawley to close in. Little Joe slipped through the opening, past the clawing hands and away. As he ran, the thought came to him that although he was safe for the moment, Sam would not forget. But home was only a few more blocks away and in a matter of minutes he would be safe, safe from the angry mob anyway. . . .

Little Joe's Mother sat at home alone, beside the Christmas tree sparkling with ornaments. But her mind, always a turmoil of sadness, gave no hint of the joy of the season. Her mind was in flight . . . back . . . back into the past. He was so fair . . . their life so good. Then struck the bitter day when the police came and took him away . . . into the dark prison for always and always. Where was justice? Where was mercy? Where was love? Love knew that he was guiltless but no one would listen to love. Her friends told her that people would forget, but they had not. Their silent criticism had driven her into a world of fear; and for six years she had done nothing but run. Again, for the millionth time she took up the photo and held it to her as if it were a living thing. There were no tears.

The wells were almost dry.

Little Joe burst into the house, slamming the door behind him. His mother jumped from her chair and in so doing dropped the framed photo to the floor. The sound of the breaking glass was like ice.

"There! Look what you have done!" she cried.

But little Joe had no eyes for the broken treasure. He ran to the bright coloured box where his silver bulb lay hidden and tore off the lid. The box was empty! His bulb with the star on its face was gone!

He turned to his mother, his sad eyes hurt and angry. "Where is my bulb?" And in his cry was all the soul-agony that a child of seven could summon forth.

Little Joe's Mother tore her eyes from the bruised photo and the broken glass on the floor. She looked through Little Joe as if he were nothing, but answered not a word in reply to his question. Instead, she said, "You have been running again. When are you going to learn to stick up for yourself?"

Little Joe behaved as if he did not hear.

"Where is my silver Christmas bulb?" he asked again.

Still she did not answer. The cries of the mob outside grew louder as the silent battle within grew stronger. Little Joe stood looking at his Mother in silent expectation and then turned from her, not daring to defy her. He went to the window, his sad eyes wondering. Which was

worse, the hate without or the love within? If this cold indifference were love, then better to face that angry mob without. But why had she taken the bulb? Surely she knew how he loved it. Why could she not show him the smallest grain of affection? But he knew the answer. It was that photo! How he hated that thing. How glad he was that it now lay bruised and broken.

Little Joe turned from the window. His eyes were no longer angry, only puzzled and sad. He had gazed too long upon those other dark messengers of bitterness and grief. His own soul had caught their deadening spirit.

So often, Little Joe's Mother had used those dark instruments as weapons for obedience. And now she saw them staring back at her. She could not resist them.

"The silver bulb is hanging low on the tree to the side there," she said suddenly and bluntly. Then she left him. She was gone from the room.

Little Joe was alone now. He could hang the silver bulb high on the tree. He reached out for it eagerly, with trembling hands. It was so beautiful and yet so fragile. Alas! His little hand pushed too hard, and the wondrous thing came unfastened from its hook. The next moment he was gazing fearfully at the shattered pieces of light on the floor.

But even now, Little Joe felt a strange attraction for the broken thing and reaching down he began to pick up some of the larger pieces.

He turned the bits over and over in his hand. His little fist closed upon them in unwilling adoration. The next moment he started wildly, as the sharp fragments stabbed like a million tiny spears the flesh of his hand. Tears poured down his cheeks. Flinging the shattered bulb away he ran from the living-room to the kitchen.

Little Joe's mother stood at the kitchen window. The angry voices without were gone now. It was dusk, and the silver orb of the moon was rising full and clear. She gazed up in wonder at the silver moon. It was so close, she felt she could almost reach up and touch it. She had reached for it once. But it all came crashing down. Back . . . back into the past her mind took flight.

Little Joe touched his Mother's elbow. "Mom, I have cut my hand. See Mom, it's all blood! Will you bandage it up?"

He was so fair . . . She had reached for the moon then . . . had touched it . . . found it good. It was still there round and beautiful. But there was nothing of its beauty in her soul. Her inner life was all darkness and death. Where was peace?

But she did not feel the little hand at her elbow. She did not see the blood dripping from his hand. She saw only her own world of grief and pain.

When finally she turned from the window, she saw him, the blood dripping from his hand. But it was not the blood that made her face turn suddenly pale, but the sorrow, the bleak and pitiful pain of his large,

dark eyes. This pain she knew did not come from the wound on his hand. By sure strokes she had stabbed his very heart. In that moment something died within her forever and a wondrous newness was born.

Little Joe's Mother bandaged his hand. Supper was prepared. They ate in silence. Night came and Little Joe went to bed.

But Little Joe's Mother went back to the window and gazed at the moon. It was high in the heavens now. Was it really a fitting symbol of love? It had no light of its own; it merely reflected the light of the sun. Why were not the stars recognized as symbols of love? At least they had light of their own. But then, there was a star once that was a symbol of love . . . a star over a manger in Bethlehem . . . a Saviour was born . . . a little babe . . . he was to shed his blood . . . he was to save the world. Love . . . a star . . . a babe . . . blood . . . what did they all mean?

Little Joe was love. His eyes had spoken his love. He was up there now. She climbed the stairs and went into his room. She would say good-night to him. But Little Joe was fast asleep holding his bandaged hand in the other as if it had given him pain. She bent down to kiss him and it was then that she noticed it . . . on the table by his bed . . . a fragment of the broken, silver Christmas bulb. It gleamed at her in the yellow light of the electric lamp like some spirit reminder of what she had left un-

(Concluded on page 26)

Skepticism

JOHN R. HAUSER

SKEPTICISM, as a formal means of approach to thought and reason can be traced to ancient Greece, where it found its first articulate proponents among the Sophists like Gorgias, Circa. 483-375 B.C., later during the Graeco-Roman period, its basic principles were augmented by Pyrrho, Circa. 360-270 B.C. In more recent times, there have been many who would fall into this category, to name a few, the early Heretics, the later Reformers, and into our modern age, beginning with David Hume, Circa. 1711-1776 right to the present, where we see it in its most widely disseminated form.

The literal definition of skepticism is: incredulity; the doctrine that no facts can be known with certainty beyond the range of experience; unbelief in any particular doctrine. When applied to philosophy, broadly speaking, it can be defined, "Nothing can be known," or, "That no trustworthy knowledge is possible. The skeptic is one who doubts what others allege to be true."

There are three main subdivisions of thought regarding skepticism, though, again, there can be as many gradients and co-minglings as there are theorists. The first may be the attitude of suspending judgment and of questioning all assumptions and conclusions so that each will be forced to justify itself before the bar of critical analysis. This attitude is the healthy type of logical process advocated by Socrates. Secondly, skepticism may take the position that know-

ledge deals only with experience or phenomena, and that the mind of man is unable to know the source or ground of experience. The man responsible for delineating this segment of thought is Kant and his theory of phenomenalism. Finally, skepticism may claim that knowledge is impossible and that the quest for truth is in vain. This is skepticism in its strictly philosophical form. Represented by the now famous simple statement, "All is a figment of my imagination," or, "It is plain that we can know nothing, that all things combine to deceive us, and that nature is only making a cruel sport of our ignorance and helplessness."

The skeptics tend to stress the follies and foibles of the various ways of attempting to gain knowledge. They point out that all knowledge is human, that our human faculties are frail and limited, and that the senses and reason seem to be equally unreliable. The skeptics are pessimistic about the possibility of genuine progress in the realm of knowledge. This can be extended even further, eventually to the point of apathy and negation, and finally to the barest forms of compulsion, self-preservation and reproduction.

All people in some manner express or otherwise tend to follow a basic philosophy. The traits most certainly were here before the theories or philosophies which explain them. Therefore, the application of skepticism is its final proof of value. Here one might say the third theory proves its own inadequacy because

it cannot be applied unless one considers the pathological mind. I believe, like many ideas and theories, this one is merely useful in the sphere of questionable, "Intelligent-sia tea-talk." In applying the former two theories, a problem presents itself; where is the line of demarkation between reason and sophistry, practicality and theory, ideal and idle dreaming. Also skepticism is an innate component of reason but if extended too far it becomes a detriment to all constructive thought.

The problems of our age seem to have a direct relationship to the widely disseminated skepticism, and its running mates, agnosticism and cynicism, which seem to pervade all modern thought. We associate them with brilliance, wit and reason, and we have accepted them in their most, "Machiavellian," implications, in Education, Politics, Culture, Religion and most dangerously as Individuals.

In the field of education, skepticism has been and to an extent still is a boon, in that it replaces with reason, faith, as the central idea in human explanation. It is the guiding light of progress; it is a reminder of the need for caution and the danger of dogmatism; it serves as an impetus for search; and certainly in the sphere of these sciences, it has become the entire philosophy. Here lies its intrinsic danger; skepticism cannot stand alone, it must be tempered by the very factors it destroys. We see to-day the educator a butt of skepticism. In the United States the current hysteria is basically an outgrowth of skepticism not contained

and restricted.

It has placed the educator under an unreasoning duress. His every statement comes under close scrutiny and consequently he must emulate and parrot. It has removed its very basis because a reaction can easily give birth to legislation which would eliminate any speculation or honest skepticism. The complete skeptic is attempting, "to eliminate the cultural tradition. The newly educated western man no longer possesses in the form and substance of his own mind and spirit; the ideas, the premises, the rationale, the logic, the method, the values, or the deposited wisdom which is the genius of the development of Western Civilization."

Politics has been so permeated that honesty is no longer a required ingredient of government. We have seen the vigour, integrity, and idealism of the early exponents of freedom, to cite an example, degenerate into the political cynicism and resignation represented at the polls to-day. The honest man in politics is practically non-existent, skepticism has corrupted even the finest instincts by raising the question; "What is in it for him?" Every failure has been justified and rationalized by the skeptic attitude, "I told you so." It has become an illogical and blind reflex action rather than a bulwark of intelligent reasoning.

Our way of life is showing more clearly now than ever before, that man is his own greatest enemy. Our culture influenced once by creative individuals or creative minorities is,

it seems, in a state of decline. The creative minorities have retrogressed into a mere dominant minority which is endeavouring to keep by force, the position it no longer merits. An illustration of this is the super-specialization so apparent in all professions, trades and labour groups. Our skepticism has removed the vigour from the questioning mind in that it points out, all too successfully, that to strive for an ideal is to be ridiculous. Here again its role as a destroyer is manifest, it goes beyond reason. It creates or helps to create; "a failure of creative power in the minority, an answering withdrawal of min-esis on the part of the majority, and a consequent loss of social unity in the society as a whole."

Religion is probably the most striking example of skepticism's adverse and deteriorating affect upon humanistic thought. It has destroyed idealism but has not replaced anything in the void of conscience. Until recently the materials and moral forces of society developed parallelly, but now moral and ethical energy has declined while the application of intelligence in the material sphere has moved ahead rapidly. Churches are divided over theological issues, interpretive paraphernalia and intellectual respectability because we have scrutinized religious ideal with a skeptical eye, found weaknesses and destroyed faith without looking at the serious psychological repercussions attending such an innovation. Why? Could it be it cannot be reduced to formula? Skepticism, cynicism and agnosticism cause; "the de-

cline in respect for thinking and for an ethical world view; the decline of optimistic and ethical convictions regarding the meaning of life and of the universe; our superficial and narrow civilization, with its misplaced confidence in facts; increasing racialism and nationalism; the growth of inhuman ideas and actions and their failure to arouse popular indignation; and the recrudescence of superstition."

Skepticism in relation to the individual, I believe, is probably the most dangerous and hardest to combat. It has been instrumental, among other causes, in destroying him as an entity. Among the apparent manifestations of this disease, and such it must be called, are the total lack of public conscience over issues which do not directly concern the individual. The incident most illustrative of this is the appointment of the Mayor of New York to an Ambassadorship while under indictment for fraud and maladministration. This is not an isolated condition, more recently the Department of Highways of Ontario subpoenaed several professional engineers, proved their guilt of open-faced robbery and yet their association voiced disapproval of this action. However, legislation in Ontario Criminal Statutes exists which provides for the sentencing of a man to a minimum of 8 years to life, at the discretion of the judiciary body, for the stealing of a loaf of bread while unarmed, and in all probability unemployed. No longer is there a question of guilt but rather the stigma of being apprehended.

Another ramification of skepticism is the motive seeking negative attitude to which the intelligent individual is such a prey. It has destroyed by its very maliciousness the opportunity for subsidy and patronage which Seagrams presented to Canadian artists by its unreserved criticism not of the art, but of the Company's motives.

In the individuals relationships socially it has made a sham of courtesy and cultivated social intercourse; the cocktail party institution which has become a means of "paying back a visit en masse," or, of slandering some absent victim, only too often; the total lack of common decency one meets with while being driven at by the all powerful motorist; the material criterion of judging social ascendancy. It goes without saying that these undesirable features of our civilization manifest themselves even in our higher cultural and governmental policies.

I grant I have conjured up a dark picture but it does seem to me that, though one causative factor can be completely blamed, skepticism too broadly applied and too liberally abused in the name of reason, has been the dominant factor in the regression of moral values causing us to have less confidence in the ability of science, of general education, and of our financial and business institutions to bring us human welfare and progress.

Progress is only possible if western man masters the machine, the industrial system and the sciences he has created. To follow this course, skepticism must be relegated to its proper sphere, man must re-evaluate

his stand beginning with himself and, "build a concept of social conscience-ness embodying a sense of duty which is prior to experience and which springs from mankind's innermost nature.

Rousseau, though he condemns our complex society, advocated a new type of education and a new social environment that would develop the natural capacities of men into something admirable. He stressed equality, democracy, and a fundamental change in education and social institutions.

Immanuel Kant propounded a moral philosophy designated as formalism. He was looking for moral principles which are inherently right or wrong apart from any particular circumstances. These moral principles or laws recognized immediately or directly as true and binding.

Plato in "The Republic" promotes another thought — Man's life and organization of society should harmonize with the moral order of the universe. The greatest good is the harmonious development and the maximum richness of life. Aristototele, a student of Plato's, enlarged upon this theory but differed in the application of emphasis. Later, St. Thomas Aquinas (Circa. 1225-1274) incorporated and integrated these views into the philosophy of the Church. These concepts stressed as central themes, reason, well-being and moderation. The good life avoids the extremes of both excessive repressions and excessive indulgence.

These men indubitably were guided by an ideal, their concepts how-

(Concluded on page 26)

Seminary

ROSEVILLE BURGOYNE

There was no Christmas in little David's house. His family didn't have a tree. The living room floor was not cluttered with shiny new toys. No stockings hung by the fireplace. Bowls of candy and fruit were not featured as festival centrepieces. Poor little David missed all this, but so did his playmates. There wasn't one of his neighbours who went on buying sprees and who stacked up presents. None of the "kids" in the neighbourhood looked for Santa Claus. There wasn't one who expected gifts. They hadn't heard about Christmas because Christ had not yet come.

In this day and modern age I can hear people say, "Well, what has Christ got to do with Christmas anyway?" It is little wonder that such an attitude is prevalent. The average man on the sidewalk makes no connection between Christ's birth and the "civil" Yule-time holiday. Christmas is the time for feasting and overindulging. Christ is **drowned out**. It is a time for dancing and merry-making, but above all, not a time for expressing thanks to God.

Christmas is a time to be joyful, but we must not allow this joy to become a mockery and an excuse for shameful behaviour. Be joyful yes, but be filled with happiness because, "Unto us a Child is born,
to us a son is given
and His name will be called,
'Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.'"

This alone is not why we should be thankful. If this alone was the Gospel message we could not express so much thanks. Our response

must emphatically be aroused by His accomplishment.

"All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned everyone to his own way;

and the Lord has laid on Him
the iniquity of us all. . . .

he bore the sin of many,
and made intercession for the transgressors."

We have permitted so much wrapping paper to be added to Christmas that sometimes it is difficult to find the gift. The colour of lights and tinsel has captured our thoughts and imaginations. The gifts sent and received do in very few cases symbolize the supreme Gift which God has sent to us in the person of Christ. This Gift was sent to the needy, to sinful man who was a poor creature starving for salvation. God's Gift was needed. The gifts which we send or receive are seldom needed and often times they are useless. Our giving is not at all a true symbol of God's giving, because we do not send parcels to the needy, but to others who are likely to make presentations to us.

Little David didn't know about Christmas because Christ had not yet arrived. Now Christ has arrived. Millions know about Christmas but fail to know what Christmas is about. It's not the tree that makes it so,
It's not the food or mistle-toe,
Nor is it in the gifts you send
Nor in the labours that you spend.
There is but one right explanation
And that is fixed to God's creation;
He sent His Son to earth alone
So He for **our** sins might atone.

End

Book Review

BEVERLY BARTLEMAN

BOOKS for Christmas. Many, many books about so many different things: it didn't really matter to me at first what the book was about. I knew that once I got into it I would be lost in its vital, exciting world, that I would be pulled into its characters, its action and most of all, surrounded by the magic of its language.

Nursery Rhymes, Peter Pan, Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe (with the boy on the cover engrossed in a book too—maybe, I thought, the very one I was reading), Alice in Wonderland, Black Beauty, Heidi, and dozens of Fairy Tale books . . . the list stretches back over many, many half-forgotten Christmases. But the books are not forgotten nor is their delight, still as fresh in my mind (though not, alas, the marvelous details of plot) as the day or night (under the bed-covers) I first read them. Why, oh why, don't people still give books as presents at Christmas?

Remembering the delight of these books, I have often tried to pin down the cause to a simple "this is why," but always the "this" eludes me, covered by the haze of childhood seen with adult eyes. Still, there must have been something to bring about such a fascination, something that can still be found in mature books. Though I cannot tie it down to a simple "this" I can at least find something approaching concreteness to explain the delight, the source being in the book, not in me.

Closing my eyes (for it cannot be found, I am sure, with open eyes;

they do not see in the right way) I feel, though I cannot be positive, that the "this" is the images, brilliant, nonsensical, but nonetheless vivid, that started from the pages of the books, the vitality and force of the movement, and, above all, the language, the rhythmical exciting-for-its-own-sake language. This I think of when I remember the nonsense verse of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, both masters of images and language though they are both, it is true, purely nonsensical.

The books I would like to suggest here as possible Christmas presents do have that force, that vitality, and that marvelous joy in language.

The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas (New Directions, 1953) contain so many examples of this joy and vitality of language that it is difficult to know what to select to illustrate the point. I think, however, that these three lines convey it as well as any:

The force that through the green
 fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the
 roots of trees
Is my destroyer.

Here, as well as seeing the language, you can also feel the vitality and force of emotions — although Thomas gets his effects from diffuseness; not from the compactness of carefully considered lines. Do not look for deep thoughts, profound thoughts in Thomas; you will not find them. Instead you will discover joy in youth, wonder at death, and delight in life: the eternal domain of the poet. These, as you have no

Sweet Nightingale Awake

German Christmas Carol
17th century
translated by B. Stuchlik



Sweet nightingale a-wake, a-



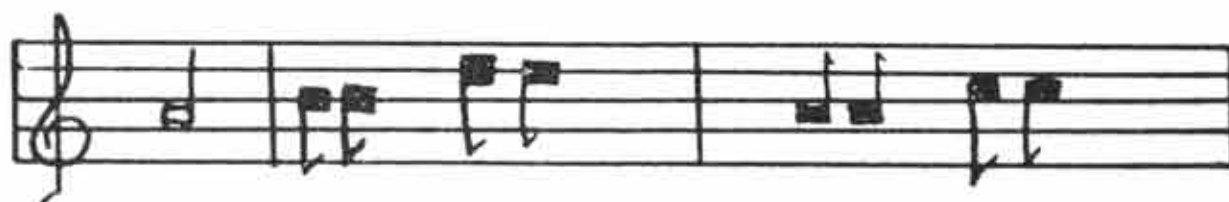
wake you pretty bird of mine, u-



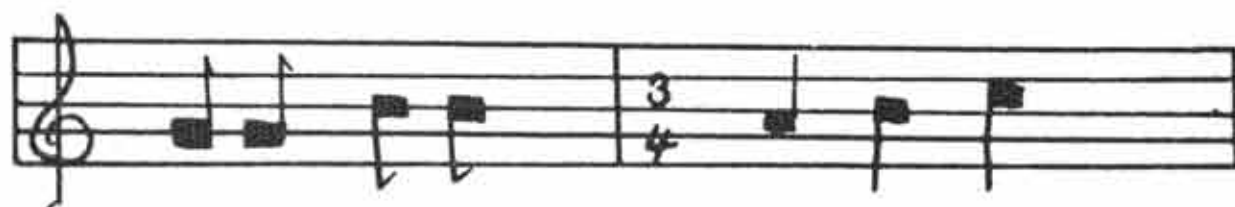
pon this verdant hemlock bow, a-



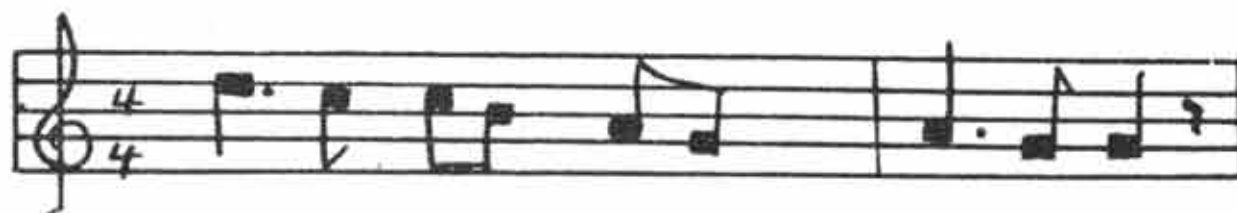
wake quick do a-wake. Sing to the



child born on this day, now is chosen,



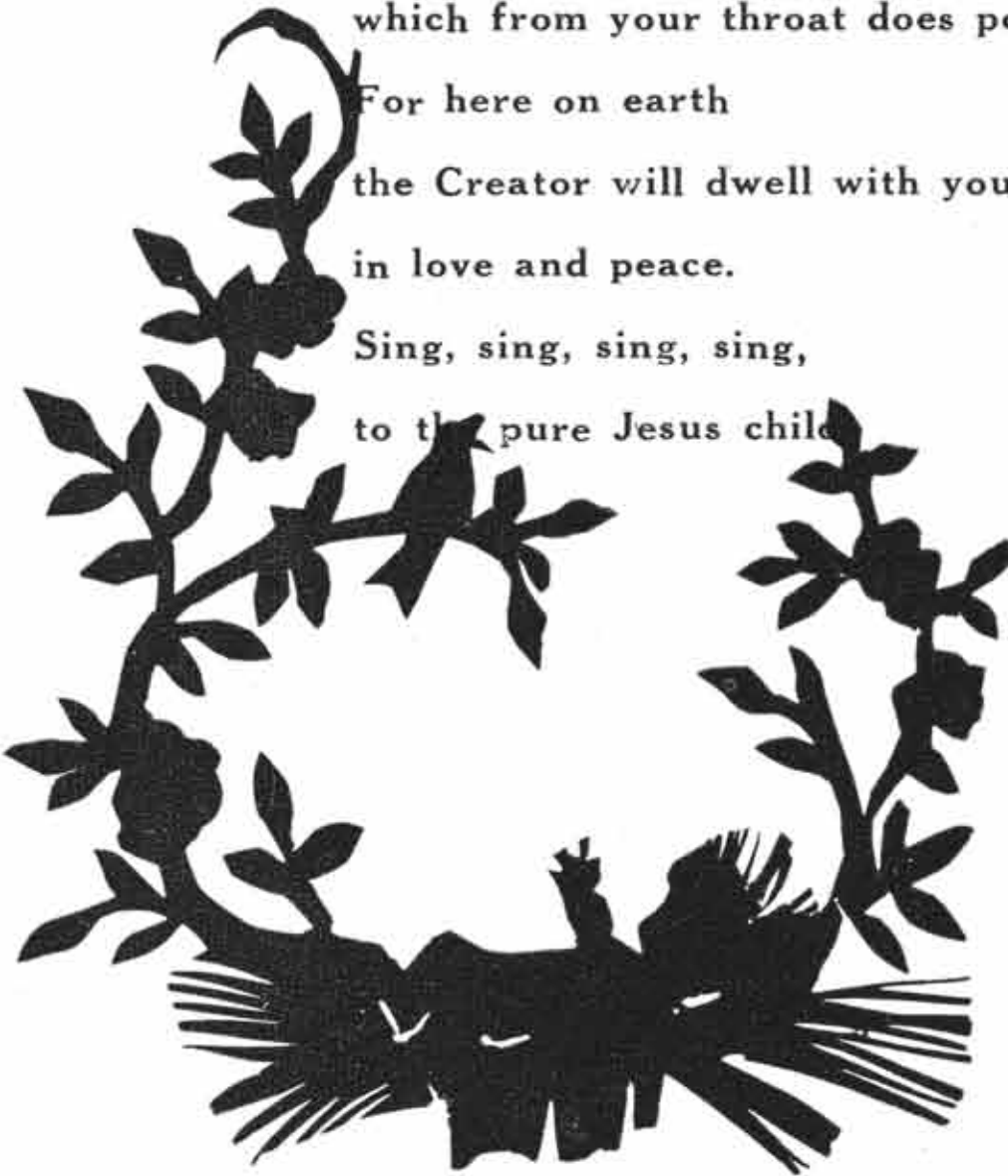
nearly frozen, Sing, sing, sing,



sing, to the mild Jesus child.

Then to the manger fly,
Fly there sweet sister lovingly,
to him your song of praise lift up,
sing nightingale so pure.
Sing to the child.
Heavenward his glory utter,
never ceasing —
Sing, sing, sing, sing,
to the sweet Jesus child.

Oh nightingale arise,
Arise and with your feathers small
beat out for us the happy tune
which from your throat does pour.
For here on earth
the Creator will dwell with you,
in love and peace.
Sing, sing, sing, sing,
to the pure Jesus child.



Statics

WALDO RYERSON

You know old Tom Wolfe used to write novels by scribbling all kinds of things on bits of paper and then throwing 'em in a big tea box—then he'd sort 'em out after a while and he'd have a book—so—I've decided to follow his example and so this month's static will be a bit of an experiment in source, rather than form. First, I kill twenty-four of the nutty brown, then I fill the empty case with scribbled-on, back numbers of Hush, then (which is right now) I roll 'em up in a big ball and throw the whole mess at the editor, then he censors my best lines and gives it to you—so what follows is what's been brewing in the box since the original occupants were evicted.

Well, I hope the P.&G. brought a bit of sunlight into your life, boy (you know I honestly think we're pushing this gag too far)! There seemed to be some discussion about one of like Weir's songs—people wondering just what he wanted to get—probably paid I think. However the show was generally well received—by the way I should like to personally congratulate the co-director, the script writer, and the chap who played Colonel Effingham—I thought he was just terrific! seriously though,—just because I said seriously don't think I'm taking that previous statement back, I don't know about you, but I play for Ryerson—as old Wilson sez “gang, you done real good”. Bye the bye the faculty threw a very super smash for the cast and believe it or not, no one mickeyed—I mean monkeyed with

the punch bowl.

My room-mate is a student of history, you know the snarkiest things can come up in that subject,—the other night he was reading to me from a fascinating little tome—called history or something—an' the word **CONGERIES** comes up—now neither of us could fathom this little gem, so after some discussion concerning magicians and poligamy, roomleigh decides to look it up in the Shorter Oxy—so I sez,” o.k.—so what's it mean”, an' he sez, “**CONGERIES**: a large type of sea eel”—so then we fits it into the sentence and here's how she reads “—Europe consists of a type of large sea eels of independent and soveriegn states all striving for political, territorial, and economic power”! Man!—wouldn't that just frost a fellow is Toynbee—this Tschangrimsquires guy must be a frustrated biologyister or sumpin'!

A mad-cap pseudo Frenchman, sometimes a blue-woad-painted Briton, hailing from Stoned Creek, who zips about the campus in a bright red, shivery, wind-up, wheel barrow, is sitting in my room right now incognito. (Ed Hackbush asked me not to mention his name so I won't). I just asked him what he wanted most for Christmas an' he said “Joy.”—that's very interesting isn't it?—so I sez, “how come?” an' he sez that he figures he ought to get some sometime this semester—however since there didn't seem to be any joy around, I talked him into getting a big bespeckled expert from the fourth floor and going on a mooch-hunt.

HEY!—I got a pome fer ya:

**THE ALURING LAIR OF THE
BOOOOOoooooooo—.**

Modern men in greys and blazers,
Newly shaved by electric razors,
Able to evaluate poet of lake or fen
With a guaranteed, smudge-proof
ball point pen,
Are strolling o'er the verdant silt
To the house that Luther built
To see marbel foyer corners, exceed-
ing fine,
(In accordance with the moderns'
party line)
Or wide swinging doors, allglass,
And lush paper palms in brass,
Or a bright and varied colour scheme
(averitable, regular cubbist's dream)
—It almost makes a scholar fret
To see no Picasso murals yet;
Affixed to the chimney is the rood
(Thrift in space must be understood),
To feed the scholar devotional
And to curb the scholar emotional
Yet there is something fleeting about
the place
In spite of decor and no waste
space—
A chamber—a cell—its door strang-

ly marked

A room that is "so to speak
SNARKED"!

So, rejoice there's rewarding
features!

Sing, even speak to teachers!

Cheer, and be merry—

But always be wary,

Wherever you be

Don't let them see

You glum—

But wherever where

Forever beware

Of a boojum!

Well! Let's all have a tall, cool,
foaming apple juice, eh!

You know this business of writing
a columne (this is a columne.) is
pretty time-taking-uping — so — if
any misguided character thinks SHE
might like to assist an EDITOR — I
might consider using an assistant —
so, if any 36 - 23 - 38 heiress is
about — drop up to room 403 any
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eleven p.m. and we'll see how you
shape up.

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GARDE !!!

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External Affairs

ACADIA UNIVERSITY — Out with NFCUS

Recently, the student's council of Acadia voted to withdraw its membership from the National Federation of Canadian University Students. In the council's opinion, the student body was completely uninterested in NFCUS, and association with the Federation for sentimental reasons was too costly.

It was also felt that the Canadian population was too scattered to render the work of such an organization effective.

COMMENT: What is your opinion of NFCUS? Is it serving its purpose on the Waterloo campus?

UNIVERSITY of SASKATCHEWAN — More Criticism of NFCUS

On the 26th of November, Doug Burns, national president of NFCUS, issued a statement in an address to students of the University of Saskatchewan, defending the 50c fee which has been so much questioned at some of our larger universities. The future membership of Manitoba, Toronto, Dalhousie, and UBC is doubtful while, as reported above, Acadia has definitely withdrawn.

According to Mr. Burns, NFCUS is "faced with a black picture." The original 20c fee covered only organizational costs and so was raised to 50c. Some universities having withdrawn, the organization is in a very precarious financial condition.

In an editorial, the editor of "The Sheaf" (University of Saskatchewan) asks the questions, "What does NFCUS do? How many students on the campus can answer that question?—or further, how many people outside of the administrative group of NFCUS can do so?"

Lack of publicity on the part of

student newspapers was one of the reasons for students' apathy, charged the NFCUS president. Indignantly replied the newspaper, "If the publicity is wanting, it is because the activities of NFCUS are wanting."

The editor then closed his commentary by heartily endorsing the ideal for which NFCUS stands while at the same time realistically questioning the usefulness of a group such as now exists, when the members of that particular group do not understand its function.

Quote, "We are not calling for the abandonment of NFCUS, but for the revitalization of it—and from within itself first."

COMMENT: Let's have the opinion of some Waterloo students on this matter. Use your "Newsweekly."

CAPITAL UNIVERSITY A. U. S. Student Comments on Sen. McCarthy

During the past year or so, the notorious American senator from Wisconsin has been held in the focus of an international spot-light. At Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, the student editor of the "University Chimes" comments on the situation in view of the possible censure of Joseph McCarthy.

"The value of the U.S. Senate's 'sleuthing solon' has been hotly debated - - - ."

"Are his methods unjustified - - - , or is he the greatest thing since the automatic washer, separating the clean from the soiled and leaving the government wrinkled and soggy — though purged and pure?"

"McCarthyism has instilled a latent fear of honest expression in this generation of American youth - - - ."

COMMENT: It appears that Canadians aren't alone in their opinions.

Scott's Sport Sketches

FERGUSON

WELL, it's high time we realized the situation at our college concerning sporting activities; and did something about it: "Just the facts, kids!"

First let's scan the football picture. It seems that the "commission," or whoever it is that figures out the athletic programme, decided to equip the football team with new uniforms this year. Now each uniform consisting of all the accessories runs into quite a small chunk of cash. Paying the bill left the barrel rather bare for the rest of the sporting activities.

. . . Along with the new uniforms, someone decided that the team should play their home games at the spacious Kitchener Park at night. It sounded "Real George" until the lights were turned on, and the players looked around to see only the "faithful fifteen," and row upon row of black seats. Why "they" couldn't be satisfied to play on the college field, Saturday mornings, as they had in previous years, and draw bigger crowds, one will never know. Even if "they" had a "double bill" at the games with a collegiate game first, it would have added some interest.

. . . It's just that the money has been used up on one sport, where approximately twenty-five fellows benefit. That's a small percentage of the student body; and it's too bad such a sport as hockey has to be dropped this year, because of the absence of a special provision for it in the budgeting of the funds.

. . . The college this year had the

potential of one of the strongest hockey teams that have been iced at Waterloo over a number of years. Why should this talent be wasted?

. . . Although the college didn't have a winning team last year, it can be said that more fans were out to most of the games than in football this year. This was before the larger enrollment. Ch well, I guess the "committee" didn't have the foresight to see past the initial sport of the year.

. . . We'll pass along to basketball, the sport in which we are now engaged. The College has three teams this year. The Senior team is playing in the Intermediate "A" bracket, and two teams are entered in the Industrial "Y" league. They all seem to be sloping up into top-notch contenders in their respective loops. Let's get together and follow the boys in their "winning ways." The Senior home games are played in the Collegiate gym; the other two teams are at the Y.M.C.A.

. . . Then there is curling, which is drawing the largest contingent from the student body. The "sweepers" clean the ice every Thursday afternoon at the Granite Club under the guidance of Doug Michel. It's fast becoming "the" sport. It would be "sportsmanlike" if a trophy were "put up" for the winning team.

. . . Oh yes, must not forget about the bird crew that take over the girls "Y" every Thursday evening. It seems to be a good racket.

. . . There are the cards laid out. It's time you made your move for the right play. Don't shuffle the situation out. End

In Defence of Science

TERRY HALLER

ALTHOUGH anything but new, science fiction is still unacceptable in most intellectual circles due to misconceptions, slanted views and haughty prejudice. Since a high-brow caught reading it would be ostracized from the smart set, he is forced to browse on the sly. Most people, therefore, have kept far enough away from it as to be completely ignorant of its nature.

Is this science fiction merely a bugaboo directed at morons? Is the expression "planetary western" a synonym for science fiction?

Science fiction, as a challenging new field of literature, cannot be summed up and rejected as neatly as that. As with any other form of literature, there are good selections and bad selections; and unlike these other forms, the two extremes are easy to separate.

Bad SF usually falls into the "space defender" category. The usual theme runs along these lines: The space commander struggles through a suspenseful adventure as he shoots about in his saucer-mobile down the fiendish usurper who has just gained control of the section of the universe commonly known as metagalaxy Glymnis. A happy ending, in which United Planets regain troubled Glymnis, is taken for granted before reading the first page. This brand of cosmic trash is found in dime magazines like "Astounding Science Fiction," "Weird Tales," or "Galaxy" (this is not to mean that these magazines contain only trash, some of

the better SF stories appear first in them), and in the odd pocket book—especially Ace Publications which has the bonus book containing two solar novels ("just turn book upside down") of equally inferior quality.

Good science fiction is subgrouped into (1) science fiction; and (2) science fantasy. The first, dealing with such vast subjects as space, time, evolution, psychology, invention, exploration, and loneliness, is able to swing wildly off into the past, present or future. Time is no barrier to the science fiction author; he can prophesy the future as he sees it: a world of machines and robots, or a world of bleak horror.

Science fantasy is closely related to this, but it allows even more liberty. Exceeding even Grimm's Fairy Tales, it may deal with hideous monsters that consider human beings ugly, or with the strange fantastic powers of the children of wonder. There is no limit to the possibilities of science fantasy except the imaginative powers of the human brain.

Both phases of SF prove one important point. Our culture is not stagnant; nor is it binding. For science fiction is the freest form of literature yet produced.

But now, since science fiction has come into its own sphere of being, the authors, lest the subject matter should become trite, have developed a style of poetic, ethereal beauty; a style with clear harmonic diction; with words simple yet as grand as an exploding nebula; with sentence structure as dramatic as the birth of a comet and with the excellence of

a sun-burst.

To my mind, the author who has developed this phraseology to its finest perfection is Ray Bradbury. Here is his description of the planet Venus: "Even the jungle was an immense cartoon nightmare, for how could the jungle be green with no sun, with always rain falling and always dusk? The white, white jungle with the pale cheese-colored leaves, and the earth carved of wet Camembert, and the tree boles like immense toadstools — everything black and white." ("The Long Rain," copyright, 1950, by Fiction House, Inc.) Or consider his description of a man plagued by Shakespearian witches: "Twenty nights I was stabbed, butchered, a screaming bat pinned to a surgical mat, a thing rotting underground in a black box; bad, wicked dreams." ("The Exiles," 1950, by Fiction House, Inc.) Weird, yet very different and very lyrical. This is no trash, this is no bugaboo. This man, Bradbury, ranks with D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster (who, to the confounding of the elite, have also written science fiction of a sort . . . "The Rocking-Horse Winner" and "The Story of a Panic," respectively.)

Others, in the same class as Bradbury, are Aldous Huxley, Murray Leinster, Judith Merril, A. E. van Vogt, Lewis Padgett, Theodore Sturgeon and Wm. Tenn.

Another author, who might be included in the above list because of his philosophical novel of the future, "Childhood's End," but whom I have placed in a separate category, is Arthur C. Clarke. Clarke, a physicist and formerly assistant editor of the

technical "Physics Abstract," is a member of the "very scientific" SF school. Take, for example, a brief passage from "Superiority" (Copyright, 1951, by Fantasy House, Inc.) describing a new weapon for a war of the worlds: "The Exponential Field produces an exponential condition of space, so that a finite distance in normal, linear space may become infinite in pseudo-space . . . It was as if one took a flat disk of rubber—representing a region of normal space—and then pulled its center out to infinity. The circumference of the disk would be unaltered—but its "diameter" would be infinite. That was the sort of thing the generator of the Field did to the space around it." Not very rhythmical—in fact it sounds like an excerpt from a physics text—but no doubt of great interest to the analytically minded reader.

The science fantasy of Robert Sheckley is particularly imaginative and humorous. Consider this excerpt from "The King's Wishes" (Copyright, 1953, Fantasy House, Inc.), which depicts a ferra (demon of Atlantis, 2000 B.C.) who has just materialized before an astonished couple: "Standing in front of them was a being at least ten feet tall. He had budding horns on his forehead, and tiny wings on his back. He was dressed in a pair of dungarees and a white sweatshirt with Eblis Tech written across it in scarlet letters. Scuffed white buckskins were on his tremendous feet, and he had a blond crewcut.

" 'Damn,' he said, looking at Bob and Janice. 'Knew I should have taken Invisibility in college.' "

On Christmas

BILL BISHOP

All is calm. The world is in repose. The snow lies fresh and crisp upon the ground. The only visible movement is the vibrating of the sleeping twigs that come close to my window,

yet while I stand,
looking up into the clear skies,
unconsciously gazing
at the brightest star
just over there

my mind focuses back on events that happened two thousand years ago.

the star is still there
and not far beneath
is the **holy** stable

and there is the midnight chill.

This stillness is strange; the stillness when one yields his ear to the Infinite.

I must have gazed for hours for I have just awakened, and now I think upon the real meaning of Christmas.

In the morning I know I will
receive
gifts from the family
gifts that I will open
discard the wrappings and
cherish.

Christ also came as a gift, born of Mary, wrapped in swaddling clothes

and is
revered by all.

In a few hours, I will be on my way to church. Oh what a happy day it will be! Our hearts will be full of love and emotion as we hear music and anthems of those joyous carols once again. A family day. A family day not only in my home but also in your home.

What must we give back to God for his gift? Certainly we must give our life as Christians. To be called a Christian doesn't necessarily entail that you must be seen in church every Sunday but when our soul deems it necessary for us to go to church. Still we must always be thinking of Him and His better way of life even to the extent of self-denial.

We must also give him love. From God we receive a free willed mind. To love and to what extent is up to us yet the more we love him, the more love He will return to us. Is that not so?

The evening approaches
and
dies with the last sleeping sun-
beams
dim against my window blind.
A perfect day ended!

lines on the beginning

whither away what ho and all
and will you catch me when i fall
really dolling thourt a doll
whither away what ho and all
halloo halloo how blue the snoo

and will you drop me when we're
thru
not too sentimental do
boo
snoo

d b armstrong

The Seminette Club

ELIZABETH CRONMILLER

The Seminette Club is an organization well-known to the Seminarians at Waterloo but almost unknown to college students. Made up of the wives and fiancées of Lutheran theological students, the club was organized in November with a membership of ten. Mrs. Alfred Kramer was elected its first president and Mrs. Vern Cronmiller as Secretary. The purpose of the Seminette Club is to help prepare its members for their future roles as "mistresses of the parsonage." Dr. J. Ray Houser spoke to the Seminettes at their first meeting; and plans for future meetings include the wives of the seminary professors as guests. Leaders in women's activities in the Lutheran church, as well as pastors and wives of the various Lutheran churches in this district are also scheduled to address them. Although membership in the Seminette Club is somewhat exclusive, with the increase in enrollment at Waterloo Seminary forecast for the future, an increase in club membership should logically follow!

End

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 15)

doubt noticed, are emotions rather than thoughts; for that is how Thomas approaches thought, by emotions and thus, by images. At times, the thought is obliterated by the images, especially since he wrote quickly, often carelessly and revised but little. At times too, the language, in his attempt to gain spontaneity and freshness, is forced: indeed, most of his poetry simply awaits the odd line or two of out-standing excellence, sometimes nearly buried in his copiousness.

Images are his delight and his images are our delight. They are drawn mainly from the Bible, although occasionally I seem to detect echoes of John Donne; the references to bones, Thomas' "in the descended bone" and Donne's "My body a sack of bones;" they both ask unanswerable questions, "Tell me where all past years are" and Thomas' "What is the metre of the dictionary." Donne's brusqueness and intellectual ratiocination is replaced by a singing musical effect, apparent when Donne's "And Death shall be no more; Death thou shalt die" is compared to Thomas' "And death shall have no dominion." This effect is both Thomas' strength and his weakness.

Christopher Fry's recent play, **A Sleep of Prisoners** (Oxford University Press, 1952), shows the same love of language and imagery; but here the comparison to Thomas must logically end. Fry's language is based upon wit and sparkling thought, and his images, without being too

SKEPTICISM

(Continued from page 13)

systematic, are symbolical, based in this play directly upon characters and situations in the Bible. It is a fascinating play: as all of Fry's plays, it poses many questions, the questions that most people at one time or another ask themselves. "What's man to be?" — materialistic or spiritual? What is evil, and are we responsible for one another's deeds? Should man join himself to heavenly things with their heavy load, or rejoice only in things of the earth? Finally, Fry compares man to Three Blind Mice and asks, "How can a man learn to navigate when there's no rudder?" These four questions (and others connected with them) are posed allegorically in the play: four prisoners of war have dreams in which they represent symbolic figures in the Bible. It is most interesting reading, although, as in most Fry plays, it is not too satisfactorily resolved. A typical Fry statement will explain what I mean: "The earth is all transparent, but too deep to see down to its bed."

End

SILVER CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 9)

done.

Little Joe stirred in his sleep. He screamed out in the fear of his dream, "Will big Sam forget?"

His Mother placed her hand upon his freckled brow and kissed his round, fevered cheek.

"We'll all forget," she whispered in a soul utterance, "because even God does not remember."

End

ever impractical they appear were prompted by a deep sense of responsibility to their social order. This ideal has been destroyed by skepticism, with the exception of a few remaining vestiges exemplified by Albert Schweitzer, "Civilization is founded on some sort of theory of the universe and can be only restored through a spiritual awakening and a will for ethical good in the mass of mankind." Our age must recover its reverence for life. There is in man and in all life a will to live. The only adequate standard for a civilization is the value it places upon life.

Before this is possible, I believe that skepticism must be contained and irradiated because it represents a negative non-productive philosophy. It merely serves as a vehicle for scoffery, ridicule and excuse. It must be stemmed in its present form, and deductive logic reinstated in its place. We must find, though the idea is ephemeral, a vigour aspiring to perfection. The misconception that skepticism is basic must be removed because it is merely an outgrowth of civilization noted as particularly strong during periods of decadence. It has held too long the position of logic rather than its place, of an augmentary tool aiding the deductive powers. It has deluded man; it has destroyed much goodness and it has served as an excuse for man's lack of application. I firmly believe that it

is a basic tennet that before civilization can evolve to a higher plane, man must clearly see the failure of this product of his thought, and discard it.

I hope that the convictions I have presented have appeared strong because I personally feel very strongly about them. I do not believe I have over-emphasized the necessity for a re-evaluation of man's position because I am firmly convinced that the essence of our present civilization is at stake. I have stressed skepticism to a greater degree than many other factors which would have to be considered because causes are more complex and composite than merely one attitude, but, skepticism is something we are all familiar with and to me it constitutes, more than anything else, the personification of our era and the greatest threat to civilization yet, because it destroys more completely than any physical weapon.

End

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